Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobilitie
*He*ld in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which *I* enioyd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocat to pleade for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhamfull iniurie,
*Falſe*ly to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knowes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may help you to many faire preferments,
and then denie her ayding hand therein,
and lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Q. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen *I* will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a countrey ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at *Enter Qu.*
Smal ioy haue *I* in being Englands Queene, *Margret.*
Q. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God *I* beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what *I* ſayd,
I will auouch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeeke, my paynes are quite forgot.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore ſonne at *Tewxburie.*
Glo. Ere you were queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To roy alize his blood *I* ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancanſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In *Margarets* battale at Saint Albons ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if yours forget
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are,
Withall, what *I* haue beene, and what *I* am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Q. M. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world.
Thou Cacodemon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie daies,
Which here you vrge to prooue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a pedler,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Q. M. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries king,
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy being the Queene thereof,
Q. M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For *I* am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe.